

There are no invectives
to use against us.

We are exhausted
from dreaming wet dreams,
afraid of the passion
that briefly consoles us.

I ask no more of you
than I ask of myself:
no more guilt, no more pity.
Occult risks await us
at the edge of restraint.

These are meaningless kisses
(aren't they?)
that we pass back and forth
like poppers and crack pipes,
and for a fleeting moment,
in a flash of heat and consent,
we release our souls
to hover above our bodies;
we believe our shuddering orgasms
are transcendental;
our loneliness manifests itself
as seed we cannot take
or give.

Gunshots ring out above our heads,
a few of us are seeking romance,
others a piece of ass,
some—a stroke of dick.
The rest of us are killing.
The rest of us get killed.

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When I die,
honey chil',
my angels
will be tall

Black drag queens.
I will eat their stockings
as they fling them
into the blue
shadows of dawn.

I will suck
their purple lips
to anoint my mouth
for the utterance of prayer.

My witnesses
will have to answer
to go-go music.
Dancing and sweat
will be required
at my funeral.

Someone will have to answer
the mail I leave,
the messages
on my phone service;
someone else
will have to tend
to the aching that drove me
to seek soul.

Everything different
tests my faith.
I have stood in places
where the absence of light